THE

NIGHTINGALE.

"THE LEAST, THE LOVELIEST OF THE TUNEFUL TRAIN."

No. XX.—THURSDAY, JUNE 23d, '96.

THE THEORIST:

No. VII.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

PURSUITS the most lucrative occupy the attention of those whose ideas are circumscribed within the narrow limits of acquiring wealth, while elevated genius looks around the world with hankering desire after the eminence of fame, and the prospect of exploring the utmost extent of refinement and transcendant beauties of the sciences. The latter description deserves a superior sphere in the estimation of the world; for the uncommon advantage which they contribute to it, is indisputable, as the object which prompts them to this restless enterprize, is of a nature far more noble, void of that gross selfishness, and those contracted views which benefit individuals alone, and deficient of that exaltedness which pants for universal good.

Lysander possesses an easy disposition, but is such an extravagant devotee to Plutus, that every manly and valuable accomplishment escapes his attention. Great and unexhausted as his finances are, he has not the

heart to accomplish one meritorious action. The unfortunate crave his charity without success, and his distressed relations leave the world destitute of his assistance. To be the author of a worthy deed, Lysander conceives superfluous, riches insure him an equal share of esteem, as the most engaging behavior, united to benevolence and philanthropy; he finds always a sufficient number of those beings who enjoy the feast of flattering his vanity, but he considers them as sincere, being unpossessed of a competent discernment to penetrate through their artifices. Thus is his existence terminated, without a tear from the eye of distress, or the extortion of a sigh from the heart of pity.

Hillario is quite an opposite character, though not so much regarded by the world as the preceeding; modest of his endowments, and conscious of his foible, he strives to improve the first and curtail the last; perfection is his model, but an uncommon volatility shuts out many sedate moments, and obstructs a certain degree of solidity which sits peculiarly graceful on youth, and the want of which is too often mistaken for folly and ordinary understanding; wealth he esteems only for its necessity and usefulness; alleviating affliction, and resenting the oppressions of the helpless and inoffensive, are subjects which never fail of giving him a pleasure above the gratification of a more trifling appetite which excludes the commission of virtue in its satiety. His vivacity is extreme, and when carried to its highest pitch casts him in an unfavourable light; he enters a room, indulges a strain of volubility in encomiums upon romances, in describing with exaggeration the multitude of divine angelicks, and incomparable Venus's he beholds from day to day, all of which is executed with such fluent sallies of rapture and uncurbed extacy, as makes him pronounced a crack'd brained, unthinking, half witted coxcomb,

too uncivilized for the safety of society. Notwithstanding the misfortune of his periodical paroxisms, on the return of his more composed hours, he can combat the most argumentative logician in his intricacies of fallacy, specious in his address, and artfully persuasive, he will keep a parallel pace with the rhetorician through the flowery paths of eloquence, and sit adequately conspicuous in the enchanting bowers of admiration. Sometimes he will ridicule the groveling, drudgery of the trader, and adore that province which displays powers of intellect, and brilliancy of talents and ingenuity. He will sometimes deviate from the sanction of arbitrary custom, and join in confab with a player. One day being engaged in conversation with one of the above fraternity, an acquaintance passing by, hinted to him that his reputation would be irretrievably lost in the opinion of every one who saw him in such close intimacy with a son of the *Sock* and *Buskin*; for though his principles may be good, and in every other respect a worthy character, his occupation will ever make him looked upon with contempt. No, returned Hilario, his genius enhances his value, and instead of depreciating, ought to give lustre to his name. It has been the fate of intrinsic merit, to be treated with neglect, while obsequiousness is bestowed, and carresses lavished on the ignorant, whose only pretention to greatness is property; this will protect a man in folly, and even mal conduct, while those who possess less accumulations will be highly censured for the least frivolous inadvertency; and so great is the proportion of the stupid to the discerning, the former will ever combine to render disrespectful those attainments which they cannot reach, and condemn a certain innate faculty, with which it was not their fortune to be blessed.

The celebrated Mr. Kemble, Manager of Drury-lane Theatre, eminent not only in his profession

but for his literary abilities, in going to a friends house happened to knock at a wrong door, which mistake he discovered before it was opened; after proceeding a short way from the house, the door was opened, and the landlord (who was a mechanic) seeing him at a distance called after him. Mr. K. immediately complied, mentioned the circumstance of his error, and politely beg'd his pardon; the man however pretended to feel hurt, saying "for his part, he never entertained players in his house." the reflection being too pointed to brook, Mr. K. knocked him down; an action was brought against the latter; the great Erskine was for the plaintiff, after saying all he could for his client, he observed "he thought Mr. Kemble had no occasion to knock at people's doors to gain admittance; that he should conceive himself honored by a visit from the person in question, and that a gentleman of his character would grace even the first company."

Literary Amusements.

FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

EDWIN AND LAURA.

A FRAGMENT.

THE sun beams just shot a faint light in the west through the misty fog, and darkness, hovering o'er the world portended a storm, when, bewildered by the paddes tracts, that wound round the awful precipices of the mountains, Edwin sought some solitary mansion to refresh his tired limbs, and taste the sweets of repose. The hollow wind that howl'd in the desert, and the solemn gloom, that hung over

the earth, awakened each frightful image, that imagination could portray. He continued to wander over the dreary heights, where horror appeared in all her forms, till the feeble twilight was obscured by the lowering darkness, and the landscape was lost to the eye. At length he perceived, through the waving foilage, a gleam of light, which seemed to disappear every moment. Although timid, he walked towards the place, and saw a Gothic Castle, whose mouldring battlements, but dimly seen, threatened the beholder with instantaneous ruin. The fabric bore the marks of antient grandeur, and shewed that the hand of time had pressed the heavy mould. The forests that surrounded it, added a more solitary aspect to the decaying turrets, and impressed the mind with the most fearful ideas. The light flashed again in the turret. Astonished at the appearance, Edwin started back a few steps, and felt the blood run coldly in his veins. At length determining to enter, and see if any person inhabited the dreary structure, he advanced to the door, and gave a knock; the hollow domes echoed back the sound, and distant murmurs struck the listening ear—A momentary tremor seized him—He fell against the mansion in a state of stupefaction, till a form gliding along the front alarmed his panting heart. His resolution began to fail—reason urged him; prudence repressed him; shame at last overcame fear, and he determined to proceed. But at that moment at a window he saw a white form; it moved away. He ran towards the forest, but the rain descending, stopped his eager steps. He returned to the mansion, and with boldness burst the heavily creaking door; it returns to its place with sullen murmurs—darkness surrounded. A light shone in the hall which was formerly clothed with tapestry; but now mouldering to dust. He followed; a shriek wa

heard—he traced by means of the light the gloomy paſſage. At laſt a groan echoed through the deſerted rooms, and a noiſe from a diſtant apartment was heard. The thunder was now muttering in the woods; and the livid lightnings revealed a ſtaircaſe with marble ſteps. Edwin moved towards it, and pauſed at every ſtep to liſten. All was ſilent—The thunder now ſeemed to ſhake the very foundation. He debated, whether to proceed or return. The lightning flaſhed again—He ſaw at the end of the winding a door. Something interrupted his way, he fell;—arous'd by this, he ſprung towards the door in the ſtair caſe; it yielded to his hand. Edwin opened the dark receſs—the lightening marked the way to a diſtant door, through which the light appeared—he burſt it open, when, lo! Laura, the object of his love, for whom he had beaten the tractleſs wilderneſs, ſhe fainted at the ſight, he caught her in his arms, and at length ſhe recovered—her maid now appeared;—at ſight of him, whom, ſhe ſuppoſed a ſpectre, ſhe ſtarted back; paleneſs marked her countenance; but ſhe ſoon recollected the features of her miſtreſs's lover. Edwin enquired, how Laura came there. She ſaid, that one evening allured by the beauty of the ſetting ſun, ſhe had ſtrayed with her maid farther than uſual, from her father's dwelling, and night coming on, ſhe began to grow fearful; juſt then a party of horſemen appeared in the thicket; they ſeized her, calling in vain for help—alarmed for her ſafety, ſhe entreated them to releaſe her. Finding her entreaties in vain, ſhe began to fear their deſigns, faintneſs overcame her, and reviving, ſhe found herſelf in this room, in the arms of a robber—he endeavoured to give her comfort. He left her at laſt, ſaying, he ſhould return to marry her in a day, or two, and in the meantime ſhe muſt prepare herſelf—he left her, ſhe had lamented ever ſince, and often fell into fainting fits,

this was the ſecond night, and hearing a noiſe, ſhe had ſent her maid Nannette to ſee, who was there; after waiting ſome time, ſhe went to the window to ſee where Nannette was, hearing a noiſe in the entry, ſhe was alarmed, and at that inſtant he appeared. It ſeems Nannette went with a candle, and being frightened ran into the houſe;—hearing footſteps behind, ſhe ſhrieked; ſeeing a perſon purſuing, ſhe fell lifeleſs, and this was, what he ſtumbled over in the entry—ſhe revived ſoon after, and all things being ſilent, ſlowly crept to her lady's chamber.

The ſtorm had ſubſided, and anxious to be gone, they haſtened from the caſtle, and e'er the ſun had reached the meridian line, they arrived at her father's houſe.

FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

MESSRS EDITORS,

WHO can help admiring the variety of characters and things, which conſtitute this vale of tears? The moſt ſtoical, as well as laughter-loving, can ſcarcely refrain from dimpling their cheeks, when they have once rightly contemplated the heterogenious maſs of moving ſubſtances, which, like the ſtumbling blocks of Iſrael, fall in their way. *Bel Hyſlin* has obſerved, and with not a little pleaſure noted, the great difference viſible in the conduct of men; and be aſſured, ye grave coiners of morality, that his palate is not fantidious, though he offers (this day) for thy peruſal ſome few remarks on the beings, who hover round the fairer ſex.

Dick Daſh-away, burning with the leſſons of Cheſterfield, and ripe for the vileſt proſtitution of the ſmall talent of wiſdom, which the God of nature kindly gave him, fixes on his beſt attire—with

all the unafinefs of a mifs, juft efcaped from a boarding fchood ; empties the *drudging-box* on his vacant fkull, and, having made the furface of his bow-covered fhoes vie with the gloffinefs of his forehead—fallies forth, to where a choice circle have convened their *pretty felves*. With all the grimacing affability of univerfal affection, he falutes every one prefent ; looks rapturoufly in each one's face, and feems to exprefs that his happinefs depends on the enjoyment of all. Having capered round the room for half an hour, and exhaufted the bombaffity of *Johnfon*—fmiles "moft confumedly" graceful on the "fweet circle," and with bowing reluctance feats himfelf in the middle, that he may be allowed the fuperlative privilege of nodding eternally.

"What a charming fellow he is," whifpers Betty Flounce to the ogling damfel of feventy, *Mifs Hopelefs Longfort*. "O ! divine lad" re-whifpers the damfel.

We'll leave thefe young ladies to talk rapturoufly, and obferve the gentleman, who is now entering the room. Behold the difference—in the fame garb he wore in the office, or counting houfe—gracefully enters ; a flight inclination of his head pays obeifance, and a "how do you do" prepares for the occupation of a feat. Modeft in his obfervations and candid in opinion—he gives pleafure to thofe who hear, and equally happy is fhe whofe chair is at a diftance, as her whofe fetteth near him.

What red-faced rafcal is that, who violently burfteth open the door ? "God fave ye, ladies" proclaims him. Down he fquats on the firft thing he meets, and pulling out his pocket handkerchief, with the bluftering of a poft, who has out-ftripped the wind, rubs his rofy cheeks and burning temples. With loud laughter and vociferous declamation runs over a catalogue of cant phrafes, and bedevils the whole alphabet, by foolifh application. This is "*one of your*

fort," and is sure of a kind reception from whirligigs in petticoats.

Yonder is another sort of animal, whose hesitating gate and confused appearance evince he had rather be cursed with short wind and the gout, than spend six seconds in a bevy of females. You observe he is slapping his forehead with his right hand, as if he was racking invention for *small talk*. But alas!—that distorted phiz too plainly declares his labour is of none effect; yet not willing to give over his good wishes in their behalf—moves on contemplating the *when* and *how* most proper for introducing himself and observations—till, in a phrensy of speculation, he bounces against some one of the company, which entirely disconcerts him for the evening, and he is glad to escape with—"good night ladies."

This man we should pity from our souls—and charity, the loveliest of virtues, should be sweetly dealt out towards him. Such is the texture and habit of many minds, that they can but poorly join the apostle in being all things to all men. Much less fortunate are they in reducing the matter of their thoughts to the medley of remarks, which form the currency of mixed company.

Far be it from us to wish the foregoing spirit should be wasted on those swaggering boobies, who stroll among social parties, as a country lout over beautiful fields of flowers. With what consumate impudence they enter—ten to one but they forget bowing to the lady of the house; but slap her on the shoulder—kick over her tea-tray and scald her puppy. If the evening is far spent, the first thing, which fixes their notice is the *side board*, where having filled themselves, they retire to some arm chair, or window seat—and whistle in praise of *Bacon*.

BERI HESDIN.

FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

A CORRESPONDENT obſerves, that the *Nightingale*, when it firſt began to ſing, tuned its notes very prettily and innocently, but by getting into bad company, it has greatly degenerated, and its warblings are by no means delicate: "*A lie, egad, vile monk, white bear, damn'e, raſcal, damn your impudence*," were all ſung in leſs than two pages of the laſt *Nightingale*. This language is not pleaſing to a majority of its readers, and hurts the feelings of a

FRIEND TO DECENCY.

THE EDITORS.

[WE are extremely ſurprized that any of our readers ſhould ſo far miſtake the object and deſign of a writer, as to form an opinion ſo erroneous and groundleſs as is expreſſed in the above communication from a "*Friend to Decency*." We preſumed a curſory peruſal of the *Dialogue* alluded to, would ſatisfy almoſt any candid mind, that the author of it meant to expoſe a *cynical fop*, and *cenſorious woman-hater*; that he did not intend to exhibit a portrait of any ladies of Boſton, as they are in reality, but as they are carricatured, transformed and diſfigured by one of thoſe ſenſeleſs animals, whoſe ſtoical ſoul no merit can charm, no beauty ſubdue. Such ſtone-hearted *Automata*, are ſubjects for the pen of ſatire; it is a duty to expoſe them in their truly horrid forms. Would it be conſiſtent with propriety to hide any of their blemiſhes, or mantle their faults? The expreſſions objected to are ſuch as could have given offence to none but a prudiſh and faſtidious mind. We would adviſe the "*Friend to Decency*," never to read *Buffon's* Natural Hiſtory, leſt he ſhould be terrified, not only with the formidable name, but the very picture of a great WHITE BEAR!!! We are

grieved that we have "hurt his feelings," by such wicked words, as *a lie! vile mouth! egad! dam'me!* &c. We hope in a little time, when his judgment gets matured, he will know that it would be as improper to make the most unamiable of human beings utter the mild language of a real gentleman, as to describe an angel of light bellowing out the oaths, and the blackguardism of Billinsgate.]

Original Poetry.

CHANSON FRANCAISE.

Addressée à MADAMOISELLE * * * *.

[L'addresseur la solicit en faire une traduction Anglaise.]

JE ne vous dirai pas j'aime,
Votre sort me le défend ;
Mais le Dieu qui veut qu'on aime
Ne consulte pas le rang.
Lorsqu'Adonis eut dit j'aime,
Vénus oublia sa cour ;
On est égaux quand on aime ;
Tous les cœurs sont à l'amour.

Lorsque cet enfant
D'un objet charmant,
Vous peint les traits séduisans,
J'aime, est le seul mot
Qu'on dit, aussitôt,
Et c'est vainement,
Que l'on s'en défend.

Car pour ne pas dire j'aime,
On n'en sent pas moins d'ardeur ;
Si la bouche ne dit pas j'aime,
Le mot est dit par le cœur.
Auprès de l'objet, qu'on aime,
Tout prononce un mot si doux ;
Et mes yeux pour dire j'aime
N'ont qu'à se tourner vers vous.

I. AZ.

SONNET TO TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. WILLIAMS.

MEEK twilight! haſte to ſhroud the ſolar ray,
And bring the hour my penſive ſpirit loves;
When o'er the hill is ſhed the paler day,
That gives to ſtillneſs, and to night the groves.

Oh! let the gay, the roſeate morning hail,
When in the various blooms of light array'd;
She bids freſh beauty live along the vale,
And rapture tremble in the vocal ſhade;

Sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flow'r,
Her choral melodies benignly riſe;
Yet dearer to my ſoul the ſhadowy hour,
At which her bloſſoms cloſe, her muſic dies;

For then mild nature, while ſhe droops her head,
Makes the ſoft tear 't s luxury to ſhed.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

ADDRESSED TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

LET me particularly caution young perſons to be very attentive to little accompliſhments. Theſe are of importance, as they are diſcovered by all, much ſooner than great ones, and every perſon is capable of underſtanding them. While the man of ſcience and contemplation, whoſe exalted mind cannot ſtoop to the ſlippant trifling of faſhionable company, is neglected or ridiculed, as cold and inanimate; the lively, the inſignificant coxcomb, whoſe ſoul never ſoared above a pair of ſhoe bows, is admired and careſſed.—Happy is that man, who in addition to the *ſolid gold* of ſenſe and learning, poſſeſſes the *ready change* of ſmall talk and gracious behavior.